SECRET

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I don't know why, but during this trip I have been thinking a lot about Jean Monnet. I never knew until today that his full name, as reported in a magazine, is Jean Omer Marie-Gabriel Monnet, for he always has used the short form.

This amazing individual is, as regards appearance, unremarkable. I have seldom seen him clothed in other than a double-breasted blue suit, although occasionally, at his modest Bazoches house on a Sunday, he permits himself, which no doubt he considers no departure from obscurity, to don a demure gray flannel coat with matching trousers, and a sweater rather than a shirt.

I have a notion, unsubstantiated and founded entirely on conjecture, that he might once have been a discreet dandy, interested in colorful, but never gaudy, clothes. Charvet would despair of his neckties; they are always black.

But if one were to rely on such superficial and unsubstantial things as reflecting personality, no speculation could have less validity. With Monnet, everything is unexpected and unpredictable. His glorious wife, Sylvia, is an authentic beauty, talented as a painter, an unusually attractive woman.

This man so publicized, has led, as regards family relationships, a secret life. The intense privacy of his domestic existence has few parallels in my experience. The reticence of his personal, as distinguished from his public, career, is almost unique.

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What the financial resources of Monnet have been and are, remain, and ever will be, unknown to me. The once famous international banker, already legendary in my earlier years, has never accumulated a [redacted] fortune. I can conjecture the reason. The making or possession of money does not interest him. At his own expense, he flew over to the funeral of his friend, Foster Dulles. He would have done the same for Dean Acheson, Felix Frankfurter, General Eisenhower and others.

The day was killed, except for a couple of short walks, by office business of one kind or another. But, tonight, we dined alone with Marie Louise and Nicky; she, in her inimitable fashion recounted the "potin" of Paris.

Al Irving believes Macmillan has successfully weathered the currents of discontent in the Conservative Party over the Common Market issue, and will have the votes necessary to sanction entry; this, he expects, might be done in February. He thought the Prime Minister's performance, at the Party Conference that ended yesterday, masterly, again proving his great skill in political management.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDS/MR
NARA Date 6-17-81

October 15, 1962 - Monday

Went to the office this morning, then took the noon plane for Paris. I spent the afternoon on a variety of personal affairs, plus a visit to the Embassy. I am staying at the Hotel Gallia, on Rue Pierre-Charron. I requisitioned this, together with other hotels and buildings, during the war for the OSS, but later surrendered it to the American Embassy when it again set up an establishment in Paris. It became at that time the headquarters for State Department personnel.

It has now been sketchily refurbished, is conveniently located near the Travellers Club, and has an excellent downstairs restaurant, the Chambord.

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in of the work of this section is giving support to representatives of other US Government agencies. Even when one examines the functions of the employees in the Political and Economic Sections, one finds that of the 24 Americans and four locals in the former, many of them (like the man who acts as interpreter in the Chinese discussions at Warsaw, the individuals engaged in procurement of foreign publications, etc.) are not really political reporters. The same applies to the Economic Section, with its 24 American and 19 local employees. We have also had foisted upon us two Americans who Congressmen insisted should be placed on our payroll, and on behalf of whom they used sufficient pressure in Washington to have this done.

All of this gives rise to grave and perplexing problems that must initially be discussed with Mr. Orrick next week.

Christian Hesketh arrived tonight, to stay several days.

December 5, 1962 - Wednesday

We were again fogged in today, so Lord Dundee's lunch for Soapy Williams, which I was to attend, had to be abandoned. Williams, after a two-day delay, is holed up in Frankfort, so he probably will not come here at all.

Woody Wallner and Bert Matthews, after a hair-raising journey from the continent by plane, were deposited on a remote English air field last night, and tacked their way to London this morning. With them, and Joe Wagner, I went to the Foreign Office this afternoon, to commence the postponed Anglo-American talks on Africa. The British delegation was presided over by Sir Roger Stevens.